Sounds Of Drought - Post Katrina

Carole Tucker

Looking like an over baked pie crust, the earth crumbles and cracks
as I walk across the dry pond.
Canada geese circle above me, confusion echoing in their calls.
Eons of instinct bring them here, on their migration.
Descending, the circles tighten, creating an instant cacophony of utter chaos,
An empty brown hole where 3 acres of water should be.
Where are the fish, the nutria, the frogs, and the nameless invertebrates?
Where are the ibis, curlew, and egrets that flocked to the trees, bending branches to the water with their weight.
And filling the night with endless chatter.
The trees are empty, where has Katrina taken them?
It's April now, and the rains have started,
The pond is filling and I await the arrival of the sounds of life.